

Good Evening

By Bide Dudley.

To My Sweetheart!
JUST because you love me, dearie,
Is no reason I should brag,
For they told me up in Erie
You were out a man to bag.
It seems, have been your victim,
And I hear the people say:
"Mabel's got 'im, Mabel's tricked 'im,"
But I love you, anyway.
Tho' your legs are bowed, I'm happy,
And I do not mind that face,
I'm aware your brain is sappy,
And your ears are out of place.
But I do not care, my beauty,
Your pug nose appeals to me.
So be joyous, awful cutie—
My own sweet monstrosity!

OBSERVATIONS.

The better the show, the better its show.

"No," said Bebe Daniels, "I am not to marry Jack Dempsey." Well, why not?

As a rule, when the cost of living goes down it does so merely to get a running start up.

Listen, girls! There's a Jack-the-Kisser loose in Bergen County, N. J. Why not run over? It isn't far.
Joe Beckett is coming to New York to fight Tom Gibbons. Presume he'll issue instructions as to where the body is to be sent.

Note by a Paducah, Ky., paper there's an Irvin S. Cobb cigar made down there. Isn't Irvin taking a chance on his popularity with the home folks?

Highway Rhymes.

I walk along on Seventh Ave.,
And lots of fun I always have;
I see the flags on daylight breaks
Emerge from homes of frosts and shakes.

ICE-CREAM ARTHUR'S LOVE.

Anna decided to give up her work in the Elite Cafe. She was not a good waitress, and besides she was encountering so many mishaps. Where she would go the poor girl did not know, but she felt that Fate would look after her. As she stepped through the door, a forlorn picture, she encountered a young man.
"Hello, Anna! Come back in the restaurant with me and have something to eat."
He was Arthur Wow, and thus did he ask her to eat on him.

Anna was greatly perturbed. She did not want Arthur to know she had been waiting in the cafe, "I have eaten."
"Well, come in, anyway. I have much to tell you."
"No."
"Anna, I love you."
Anna stepped back and drew her automatic. Had she the nerve to shoot?

"I don't know. What are you asking me for?"
(To be continued.)

NUTT'S DOPE.

Jefferson Shrewsbury Nutt, always on the lookout for sensational stories for this column, is in Jersey on a still hunt.

"Dear Dud," he writes, "I and the wife are over here in Bergen County looking for that Jack-the-Kisser who is in the hands of the girls. I've got the wife along as bait and will send her out nights to see if the poor fellow won't try to kiss her. If he does, she says she will grab him and holler for help—but you know women. Most of them admire a good kisser, so I may not be able to catch this man. If I do, however, I'll interview him. I'll say to him, 'Well, my friend, I see you are a disciple of kiasology. Explain, please.' After I get through with him the wife will come in and sing 'A Kiss I Got in Kankakee,' a ballad she wrote several years ago. If a crowd gathers, she may put in a plug for your candidacy for the Presidency by singing 'Send Dudley to the Chair' as an encore. The wife's got an ambition to go on the opera stage, but I tell her she better stick to the flapjacks. Just heard a woman in a barber shop here accuse the manœuvre girl of tickling her husband's hands while fixing his fingers. Much excitement, but could learn nothing.—Jeff.

AND NOW PERMIT US

To suggest that, for a while, it would save labor if the newspapers would keep the head, "Hunter Shoots Self," standing.

It Is To Laugh

Sketches by Will Rogers

NEW YORK'S prize Sense of Humor was displayed last week by the Humane Society. At the wonderful cowboy exhibition they wanted to interfere on account of cruelty to animals. At least twenty boys and girls have been hurt and one animal out of the whole show had a scratch. Will somebody please protect a human being?

Certainly glad to see Al Smith get in. But I will be glad when he runs out of kinkfoles to kiss in the pictures in the papers.

They don't know his exact majority yet. There are precincts in the edge of Brooklyn that on account of the B. R. T. haven't been heard from yet.

Tammany went almost solid for him. With the exception of the yearly Croker vote.

People thought I was a bum speech maker. But I elected Ogden Mills, the only Republican elected. While Harding and his whole cabinet only proved a handicap to Freylinthaus in New Jersey.

See where Mr. Harding has called Congress to meet this month. That's to give a lot of them a last chance to see Washington.

I am through with politics now till my friend Henry Ford comes out for President. Then I am out to elect him with the slogan "Gentlemen, if I am elected I will strengthen the front axle on 'em."

Lot of people get all worked up over which side is elected. What difference does it make? I don't believe any person could honestly judge which side is the worst. If there ever was apple sauce, it's politics.

Good Stories of the Day

A FAST RETREATER.

A COLORED private while at the front had the misfortune to be near the landing spot of an enemy bomb and immediately started for the rear.
After some time he was stopped by a sentry, who asked him if he knew where he was, to which he replied: "No, sah, where is it?"
"You are at Gen. Pershing's headquarters."
"Mah goodness, am I dat far back?"—Judge.

ACCEPTING THE TREAT.

THE owner of a shop in a certain Ohio town has the active assistance of his wife in the conduct of the establishment. One day a traveling salesman, after getting a generous order from the man, asked him and his wife to go across to the hotel and dine with him.

The storekeeper reflected a moment and then replied: "My wife and I had a late luncheon to-day and are not hungry; but if you will give me \$1.75 we will take dinner with you some other time."—Exchange.

ARTFUL EXPLANATION.

THE milliner looked at the sign she had ordered and observed it ran: "Mrs. J. Blank." When she called the sign painter's attention to the error he calmly replied: "Madam, you have had two husbands. You were a 'Mrs.' when you lost the first. Do you think a woman can go on marrying and not lengthen her title?"
"Mrs." means a married woman or a widow. "Mrs." means a woman who has been married twice and is young enough to marry again; and only yesterday a rich old party told me that if he had any idea you were heart-free he'd come here and—"
"Oh, well, you can nail up the sign," she interrupted. — Boston Transcript.

HIS ONLY INTEREST.

THE big car was speeding toward a railroad crossing when a fast moving freight train moved into sight. Immediately the two men in the front seat began an argument as to whether or not they could beat the train.
"Don't get excited," cried the driver. "I tell you I can easily make it."
"And I tell you I can't!" shouted the other man. "The train will beat us by minutes."
The driver kept increasing the speed of the car while the argument continued. Finally, the man in the rear seat, who, up to this time, had remained quiet, frantically clutching the sides of the car, could stand it no longer.
"Well," he shouted, "I don't give a continental who wins this race, but I hope it ain't no tie!"—Judge.

JOE'S CAR

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



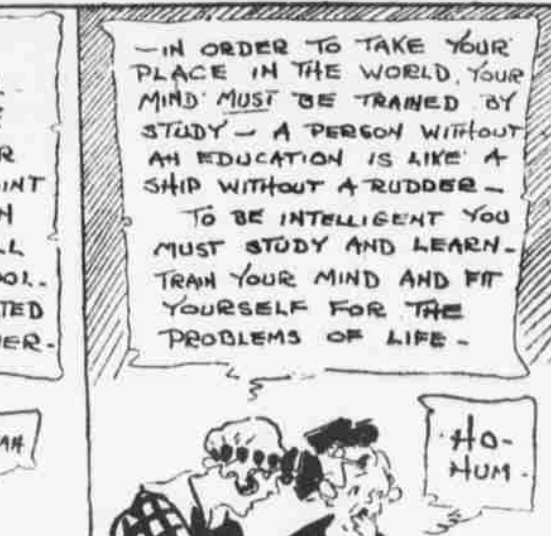
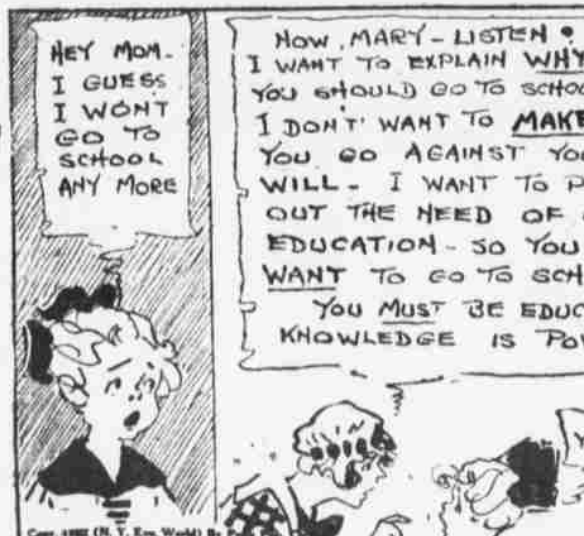
THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



LITTLE MARY MIXUP

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



FRITZI RITZ



KATINKA



GOLF DEFINED.

A N eminent public man who de votes a part of his time to golf on the links of a country club near Washington was once asked to explain the game.
Since the questioner was a scien-

CERTAIN TEST.

TWO fishermen were angling in a river, when one suddenly dropped his rod.
"Say!" he ejaculated. "Did you see that feller fall off that cliff over there into the river?"

SLOW AT TAKING DICTATION.

THE minister was busily at work in his study, preparing his sermon for the following Sunday. His daughter, tired of being unnoticed, finally questioned, "What are you doing now, father?"

Writing my sermon for next Sunday, Mary.

"How do you know what to say?" she asked next.
"God tells me," patiently.
"But, father, why do you scribble out so much?"—Los Angeles Times

Practically Impossible!

Or at Throwing the Javelin!

Mom Wins the Decision!